

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

AT

\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

Understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, INDIANAPOLIS, AUGUST 14th, 1886.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

Once across the Serran, and after breakfasting at Reno, our dusty train struck the desert and kept in it the whole day. No words can express the forlorn appearance of this hideous waste. It is not a glaring expanse of sand, like the Arabian or Sahara deserts, but something more desolate still. The face of the whitish, alkaline earth is covered with low sage brush and greasy wood scrub, that are more distasteful depressing to look at than baked sand. The only living thing we saw in this God forsaken stretch of desolation, were numberless jack rabbits; thin-limbed, long-legged creatures, all run to ears, that seemed to swarm and flourish in the awful solitude. They are called "narrow gauge mules" by the facetious natives.

At Humboldt is a sweet oasis, that only serves to set off surrounding horrors more vividly. A pretty fountain played before the hotel, in mockery, for the eye ranging over it, fell upon the interminable sagebrush, that began again 50 yards behind the range of wooden houses, that tried in vain to shut out from view the awful outside world.

The only offset to the desolation was that it was hemmed in by low-lying ranges of hills on the horizon on either hand. But imagination vaulted across these barriers and pictured limitless sage-brush and greasy wood scrub beyond.

Dinner at Humboldt. Tea at Elko. Near this latter town our dear Abe Cowan wasted his life, so precious to us who loved him, in digging for the gold he never found. And he, poor fellow, was only one of the thousands. When I think how tolling, panting men have wrought in these savage, barren gulches, in places washing down whole mountains in search of shining dust, enduring untold hardships, with only a vague hope ahead; and when I think how many have perished helplessly, amid these dreary wastes, who, but for this accursed gold-thirst and dreams of fortunes quickly acquired, had lived happy lives at home, and died with children's faces around their bedside, I hate the very name of "gold-mining" that has lured so many to destruction and enriched so few.

There is no "let up" on this frightful desert till 500 miles have been accomplished and Corinne, in Utah, is reached the second morning out from San Francisco. Only sage brush and jack rabbits till we strike the land of the Mormons. Here patient, toiling thrift begins to tell and the "wilderness to blossom as the rose." With what joy we hailed the fields of purple lucerne, ready for the mower's blade; wheat and oats in shock, standing thick in golden stacks upon the reaped stubble; while occasional fields of Indian corn told of a generous soil, and waved in tasseled gladness, a true Kentucky welcome. Men were driving teams to and fro; some were plowing here and there; and all seeming to have something to do besides lazy lounging at millway stations, to stare at passing trains, as the few we saw at stopping places in the desert did, and appeared to have nothing else on hands.

We reached Ogden about noon and were changed into the Denver & Rio Grande narrow-gauge—that takes the traveler over the most picturesque route on the continent, as all declare. From Ogden, on the Union Pacific, to Salt Lake City is 35 miles; a beautiful ride, with the great lake on the right and the grand Wasatch range to the left. Half way on the road we halted two hours to bathe in the Mormon Dead Sea, taking a later train to the city. We enjoyed it intensely. Convenient bathing-houses and bathing-suits, at a moderate charge, await the curious traveler, and he may dabble and splash in the salt-water *ad libitum*. It is so buoyant that he is bound to swim; 4 buckets of water make a bucket of salt. You float like a cork in such a mixture. It "smarts" sharply if you get the salt-water in eye or nostril. But that is easily avoided. We had a jolly time there. At 2 P. M. ran down to the city of the "Latter Day Saints" and found comfortable quarters at the Valley House, kept by a "Gentile," but none the worse for that. You get your \$2's worth there. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

More than 12 months ago a woman in L. Grange, Ga., while feeding a large flock of chickens, dropped a large diamond ring from her finger, and not being able to find it, concluded that one of the fowls had swallowed it. It was not thought best to kill all the chickens in order to find it, but the internal arrangements of each fowl afterward killed were carefully examined. A week ago the ring was found. It was under the dirt just where it had been lost.

MT. SALEM, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—A loaded log wagon turned over on Jack Alford near here last week, crushing him badly. It is said there are chances of his recovery.

—Dick and Joe Allen, for the killing of deputy sheriff Tucker, were tried before an examining court at Liberty last week, and gave bond for their appearance at circuit court; Dick in the sum of \$600 and Joe in the sum of \$200.

—A number of schools have suspended in this and Casey counties on account of sickness. The prevailing disease is flux. It is very bad on Carpenter's Creek. Five are down at William Myers' and one was in a precarious condition when last heard from. Your former correspondent, A. C. Woodson, died a few days ago. Frank Sims lost a child last Thursday.

They Heard Her Speak.

She was a sweet faced, blue-eyed young girl, with great waves of golden hair brushed carefully back from a noble looking, snow-white brow. Her ruby lips were full and sweet. Innocence itself was in her great, blue eyes. Fair and sweet was she in all the purity and gentleness of her fresh young womanhood.

Two young men have long been watching her with eagerness intense. Her glorious beauty had enthralled them.

"What a superb girl!" said one. "Never was I so fair!" How I would love to hear her speak. No "sweet bells jingled" could be like words she must utter with lips like that.

She spoke. A friend came down the aisle and said carefully:

"A hot day, Miss D."

The full, red lips parted slowly, the beautiful head turned with superb grace, a smile of seraphic sweetness illumined the noble features, soft and sweet and low was her artless answer:

"Well, I should smile to twitter! Hot ain't no name for it!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

HE WAS STILL DEAD.—A story is told of one of our local politicians who was canvassing for the nomination for a county office. One afternoon he attended a gathering in an out township, and meeting an intelligent looking young man, whom he thought might have some influence, walked up to him and shook him warmly by the hand, inquiring: "How is your father?" The young man answered: "My father has been dead three years." "Indeed," replied the candidate, "I had not heard of it. I knew him intimately. He was one of my best friends and I regret to hear it. He was one of the best and purest men I ever knew. You have my sympathy," etc. The same evening he met the same person in a village near by, and having forgotten his face, accosted him the second time with the interrogatory: "How is your father?" The young man looked at him for a moment and said: "He is still dead," and walked off.—[Minneapolis Times.]

WHY VASSAR GIRLS DO NOT MARRY.—Motherhood is beautiful, and a babe in the house is a wellspring of joy. But this dwells the mind. At each advent the mother's mind goes back to begin anew with the infant's. She loses articulate speech and jabbars a jibberish to begin with its inarticulate language. What an intellectual tumble for a Vassar graduate! A young one in the family gathers to its inanity the mind of all the company, and the visitors go away with a sense of sinking to intellectual vacuity. All this is lovely and does well enough for the present domestic state of woman; but it is not for the emancipated, elevated, intellectual woman that is to come. She is not to serve as a domestic wellspring of joy, but as an intellectual terror.—[Cincinnati Commercial.]

TOO LATE FOR JACOB TO BEGIN.—At a funeral in North Carolina a few days ago, the coffin arrived at the grave just as the sexton had finished inspecting some of the dirt thrown up and discovered indications of gold. Hurried consultation was held with the widow of the deceased and she was asked whether she would go ahead and work the claim or fill up the hole on the old man.

"I guess we'll take the coffin over to the barn and leave him there for a few days," she replied. "If there's gold here I want it, and if there isn't any, why he won't be any worse off. Jacob never was no hand to kick, anyhow, and it is too late for him to begin now."

High license has succeeded in Savannah. The council of that city increased the liquor license from \$115 to \$300, a great increase, many people thought, as it would reduce the number of saloons to cause a great deficiency in the city's revenues, and at the same time have the effect of increasing the number of illicit dealers. The experience of a year has proved the wisdom of the council and has benefited Savannah in every way. The number of liquor licenses has fallen off, it is true, some 50-odd, but only the worst and vilest saloons have disappeared. The city's revenues from the sale of liquors have increased from \$31,112 to \$70,200, or more than double.

Hubert O. Thompson's bill at the Hoffman House, in New York, averaged \$37,000 a year.

Katie Putnam, the actress, has an annual income of \$10,000 from her fruit farm in Michigan.

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR CHRONIC DIARRHOEA.

Dr. T. C. Smith, writing in the *Med. and Surg. Reporter*, mentions the fact of his having cured a case of chronic diarrhoea, which had lasted for nearly 40 years, by the administration of a saturated solution of salt and elder vinegar, a draught being taken three or four times a day. He also states that since the first instance where he recommended this homely remedy, without supposing that it would actually do any good, he has employed it several times in more or less severe cases of chronic diarrhoea, in which it produced great improvement, and, in some cases, cure. Where relapses followed the suspension of the remedy, its renewed administration was again followed by improvement.

A movement against labor unions is already seen at nearly every manufacturing centre. The mill owners at Augusta, Ga., have just organized against trade unions, and propose to make the Knights of Labor raise a strike at that place by shutting down all the mills. A shoe manufacturer at Lynn, Mass., who employed 700 men, lately closed his establishment and refuses to resume work until his men agreed to leave the unions to which they belonged. A protective association to resist tyranny and interference on the part of the trade-unions has also been formed by the New England textile manufacturers, and many other organizations for the same purpose, will doubtless be the result of the misgiving attitude of some of the labor societies.

Thirty years ago James Starnes left his wife and two baby boys in Chattanooga and went to California to make his fortune. In the course of time he heard that his wife was dead, and not long ago he married a young woman and came back to his old Tennessee home, where he found that his first wife was still faithful to his memory. James and his two wives are living in the same house now, and he can not decide which to give up. He'll have to decide pretty soon, for they are becoming demonstrative in their jealousy. The baby boys are men with families, and James himself by his second wife has a four-year old daughter.

The now completed Severn tunnel is not only pronounced one of the greatest engineering works of the age, but remarkable also in one feature of its construction, namely, that of passing under an arm of the sea. The tunnel extends from New Passage to Portekewet, a distance of about four and one-half miles, requiring thirteen years to build.

A little fish story comes from the Sucker State. It is that a Gennessee man floating down the Illinois went to sleep, leaving a stout fish line dangling in the water. When he awoke his boat was 15 miles further up than when he went to sleep. A monster catfish had swallowed the bait and towed the boat up the river.

Graham passed safely through the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Friday in a barrel with his head sticking out, but the fellow who attempted to swim through it in a cork suit just after him was dashed to pieces.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Sore Throat, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Calluses, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and thank Electric Bitters the best Blood Purifier in the world." Major A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, mch. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50¢ a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Drugists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Catholicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Dr. J. B. Marchal, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Drugists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Eld. G. W. Yancy will begin a protracted meeting at Kirksville this week.

—A. H. Rice & Co. sold 17 car loads of wheat to Lucas & McAfee, of Cincinnati, at 71c per bushel.

—The remains of Sabie Doty, the young son of Mr. Alex Doty, of upper Garrard, were interred in the Lancaster cemetery on Friday.

—Mr. Henry A. Warner and Miss Lucy Burton, both of Garrard, obtained license of our county clerk Thursday, when they were made one by Rev. Morris Evans, who tied the knot in his most happy style.

—Miss Anna Vaughn, of Christiansburg, will begin teaching at Locust Grove Academy, in this county, next Monday. Miss Anna has taught several terms at the above college, to the satisfaction of all of her patrons.

—Eld. Jesse Walden delivered a temperance lecture at the Christian church Sunday evening. The local option bill is opening up and promises to keep things lively until the vote is taken some time in October. The temperance people will spare no pains in canvassing the entire county and have strong hopes of winning.

—The fall term of the Garrard circuit court convened Monday morning with his honor Judge T. Z. Morrow on the bench. Attorney Herndon's commission having failed to arrive, our old faithful "Dick" Warren was present to represent the Commonwealth. A two weeks' term will likely dispose of the docket, which is a light one.

—Misses Clara Orchard and Ida Manly, who have been the guests of Misses Juliet Gill for several weeks past, returned to their homes at Bloomington, Ind., Thursday, much to the regret of the many friends they made while here. Mr. J. M. Frazer and daughters, Anna and Fannie, of Maysville, are guests of Mr. H. C. Jennings, near town. Miss Lula Anderson has gone to the Indian Territory to live with her sister, Mrs. J. Roe Young. Eld. Jesse Walden is removing to his new property on Lexington street. Miss Mamie Olds has returned from Richmond. Miss May Ferguson, of Covington, and Miss Laman, of Cincinnati, are guests of Miss Sara Anderson.

A CURE FOR DIARRHOEA AND CRAMPS.

—Take pulverized camphor, chloroform, essence of peppermint, laudanum, each 2 drachms; glycerin, 4 drachms; alcohol 7 drachms; mix. First dose, one teaspoonful in a third of a tumbler of pure water and repeat after each liquid stool. The remedy is an old one that has been more successful than any other medicinal preparation. The dose is a full one for adults, and for young or persons or a slight attack, reduce the dose accordingly. Be careful in eating; avoid meats and uncooked food and use no ice water.—[Farmers' Home Journal.]

A little green apple hung up in a tree, singing "Johnnie, come Johnnie, come Johnnie!" And it was as modest as modest could be, singing, "Johnnie, come Johnnie, come Johnnie!" And Johnnie came in his sweet, childish way, and ate up the fruit as his own lawful prey. His mourning companions are crying to-day, "Where is Johnnie, where's Johnnie, where's Johnnie?"

Happiness

results from that true contentment which indicates perfect health of body and mind. You may possess it, if you will purify and invigorate your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. E. M. Howard, Newport, N. H., writes: "I suffered for years with nervous humors." After using two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I

Found

great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight st., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Wintercock, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for in a short time, he was completely cured."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1; Six bottles, \$5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

NOTICE.

I have one 2-year-old registered bull and one 2-year-old and several good yearlings, entitled to a register, for sale cheap. A. M. FLEND, 188-1m, Stanford, Ky.

G. B. HARRIS, Ag't

Wm. Deering & Co.'s Mowers, Binders and Reapers.

Crab Orchard, - - Kentucky.

114-4m

PIANO TUNING.

The John Church Co. will have a first-class piano tuner in Stanford the latter part of August or the first of September. Those wanting tuning done will please leave orders with Miss Rose Richards or Miss Ella Ramsey. Satisfaction guaranteed. 148-3w

MILLERSBURG

Female College!

This popular school, after a year of unparalleled success under

REV. C. POPE, President,

—AND—

MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART,

LADY PRINCIPAL. Again offers itself for public patronage. With increased facilities, an enlarged faculty and an elevated course of study, it affords unusual opportunities for the education of your daughters. Send for Catalogue to REV. C. POPE, Millersburg, Ky.

159-2m

BUGGY & IMPLEMENT HOUSE.

—I have now—

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements,

—Resides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-1vr

BOURNE!

—FROM WHENCE—

No Traveler Returns Sick!

In these tight times each buyer should consult his own interests. Why should you give one merchant 50¢ for an article when you can buy the same thing from another for 40¢? To do this is not justice to yourself or family.

In the next place, you should be sure to get good articles. Poor goods are dear at any price. No selection of fancy goods, show case articles, &c. The celebrated Lanes' Spectacles and eye glasses especially. The best brands of mixed paints—every can warranted. Splendid Jewels, sewing machine goods, anglers' goods, artists' goods, chromos, frames, lamps, brushes, books of all kinds, stationery, & a thousand articles for the dear grandmas, maiden aunts and the smartest baby in the business—all at

Dr. M. L. Bourne's New Drug Store,

Stanford, Ky.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chills Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Biliousness, Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.

"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever,

having Chills every other day.

After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a

bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and

have never since had a chill.

EDWIN HARPER."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

O. & M.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

The direct through line and old established route from

Louisville & Cincinnati to St. Louis and all points in the West.

Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis

Three (3) Daily Trains from Cincinnati to St. Louis

Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can get a Through Sleeping Car

From Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The O. & M. is the only line running through from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis, all other routes being made up of a combination of small roads.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs Palatial Sleeping Cars on night trains; Luxurious Pullman day trains; elegant Day Coaches on all trains.

Direct and close connections are made in UNION DEPOTS with diverging lines by the O. & M. Railway, thus avoiding troublesome transfers by other routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line under one management, running all its trains through solid and in consequence is recognized "First-Class Route" between these Cities.

Apply to ticket Agents of connecting lines for full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circulars or any desired information, or write to

ROBERT H. FORMAN,

Trav. Pass. Ag't, O. & M. R. Y., Somerset, Ky.

W. M. PEABODY, W. R. SEATON,

Free and Gen'l Man'gr, Geo. Pass. Ag't, Cincinnati, O.

H. K. TAYLOR,

Of LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate or the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

Mill For Sale!

I offer for sale privately my

FLOUR AND GRIST MILL,

On Dix River, 5 miles from Danville, on the Danville and Lexington turnpike. It is a very valuable piece of Property and can be had at a bargain by addressing me at once at Stanford, Ky. 148-1m

MRS. C. Z. FLOYD.

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver Ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

One Cent Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when custom requires.

122-1f

R. E. BARROW.

Stanford Female College,

STANFORD, KY.

The Next Session Opens September 1.

Noted for Health, Comfort, Home Care, Good Discipline, well Qualified and Efficient Teachers, Thorough Training and wide scope of Instruction.

Graduates in three different courses, arranged to suit the mental tastes and capacities of pupils. For Catalogue apply to

140-2m

ALEX. S. PAXTON, President.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY

Kentucky's Route East

—FOR—

Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

The only line running

PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

—AND—

A SOLID TRAIN

—FROM—

Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington, Ky. to Washington City,

Connecting in the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York,

—The Direct Route to—

Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk and all Virginia and North Carolina Points.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office or address W. W. Monroey, General Agent, Lexington, Ky.

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress,

JAMES B. MCCREARY.

Of Madison.

MURAT HALSTEAD and John R. McLean, the Cincinnati mud slingers, came as near fighting the other day as cowards ever do. For years these two men in their respective receptacles of filth, the *Commercial* and the *Enquirer*, have branded each other with all kinds of epithets and infamies, to the disgust of decent people, and never a word of fight has been spoken. But another Cincinnati paper lit into Halstead in a way he despised, whereupon that individual dispatched Col. W. G. Terrell, the notorious duelist, to Saratoga, the summer residence of Coal Oil Johnnie, to demand satisfaction or blood. At first Johnnie refused to communicate with Terrell on the subject, but being pressed, he sent for Gen. Roger A. Pryor to act as his second. The matter was referred to him, McLean denied any connection with the offending paper, Halstead's wrath was assuaged and he pronounced himself satisfied. So ended the war of the tumble-bugs.

THE Lexington Observer says that those unregenerate individuals, Soule Smith and Charley Moore, who have been using Bro. Barnes' name in his absence with a freedom not altogether allowable, fled to where the woodbine twined as soon as they heard he was coming to Lexington, another instance of the wicked fleeing when no man pursueth. Though physically able to use either of them up, Mr. Barnes wouldn't harm a hair in either's head and our advice to them is to return, confess the Savior and flee only from the error of their ways.

JOE BLACKBURN relaxed that huge office in his face a few days ago and thus addressed the President: "Mr. Cleveland, if I were President of the United States, I would call my cabinet together and say, 'Gentlemen, if there is a single republican office-holder in your departments at the expiration of a period of ten days your resignation will be accepted forthwith.' Briefly, I consider civil service the biggest humbug ever perpetrated upon the American people." And Joseph seems to us to have "diagnosed" the case correctly.

BRO. SUTTON, of the Breckenridge News, has a two-column open letter in his last issue, in which he characterizes Tom Robertson, candidate for re-election to Congress, as a disgusting drunkard, totally unfit for any trust. The red-hot race ever known is now being run by Mr. Robertson and Mr. Montgomery and each is accused of every crime in the category. To a man up a tree it looks like both ought to be relegated to obscurity and a decent man sent to Congress from that district.

THE new democratic hand-book just issued by Senator Kennan and gotten up, it is said, principally by Phil Thompson, is not regarded with much respect by the New York World, which says that the work of the volume shows that the conduct of the campaign has fallen into the hands of sophomores and that if the democrats are not beaten in the coming canvass it will not be because they have not a surfeit of schoolboy composition to help them on to defeat.

AN exchange remarks: "The republicans of Tennessee have nominated Alfred Taylor for governor; the democrats have nominated his brother, Robert L. Taylor, and the prohibitionists talk seriously of putting up the father of the two brothers as their candidate. If they do, the green-backers of the State ought to nominate the old lady."

MR. H. W. NEWKIRK has sold the Williamsburg Times to Messrs. N. A. Richardson, A. Gatliffe, G. A. Denham and Jerry Atkins for \$1,000 and returned Sunday to his home in Michigan. The paper will now be made out and out democratic and we trust its new owners will have easy sailing on the journalistic sea.

THE jury in the trial of the anarchists at Chicago for throwing the bombs which killed so many policemen, did its work well, and when the seven scoundrels that it has condemned to die shall ornament a scaffold, the country will breathe freer. Anarchism can not flourish in this country.

AN old reprobate who heretofore stood high in social and church circles at Newark, N. J., is in jail charged with having ruined 80 young girls. If the charge be true the citizens should not permit the law to take its course, but end the scoundrel's existence at once.

JUDGE LESLIE may get in after all. An error, it is said, has been found in the Hart poll books of 8 against him, which, if correct, elects him by 4 votes instead of Carr. We hope it is true. Now let there be a close scrutiny of the books as between Warren and Herndon.

A POSTAL from Pat McDonald, Esq., says that he will begin the publication at Frankfort September 2, of the *Western Argus*, a weekly newspaper which will contain all matters transpiring in the State department and the news of the day.

THE news comes that the Mexican authorities have decided to release Cutting, but this will not stop the war talk, as it is understood that the United States will demand indemnity.

THE Cincinnati Exposition will open September 1 and close Oct. 9. Railroads offer special excursion rates.

THE last bond call runs up the total this year to \$29,000,000. Cleveland did not sign the surplus reduction bill, but he is having the debt reduced right along all the same.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The Acting Secretary of the Treasury has issued a call for \$15,000,000 of three per cent. loan of 1882.

—John T. Snyder, of Clark county, who was horribly bitten in the face by a mad dog, is dying in great agony of hydrophobia.

—Robert L. Taylor, democratic nominee for Governor of Tennessee, has tendered his resignation as Pension Agent at Knoxville.

—Canton, O., has given the Duerer Watch Case Co. \$100,000 to locate its manufacturing there and it will be removed from Newport, Ky.

—The condemned Anarchists at Chicago declined to see a minister of the gospel Sunday, saying that they wanted no religious consolation.

—A very destructive storm visited Galveston, Seguin, San Antonio and other sections of Texas Friday. Crops were destroyed and some lives were lost.

—Drew Johnson, a farmer living near Glen Allen, Mo., shot and killed his wife Friday morning, and then put a ball into his own brain. He was insane.

—C. B. Simmons, who stole \$38,000 from the L. & N. and struck out for Canada, has compromised with the company and will return to his home in Louisville.

—An illicit distillery has been discovered in the county jail at Atlanta. The worm was an India rubber tube and the whiskey was from the corn bread.

—The Pope has condemned the Knights of Labor and the Bishops of the church are enjoined against the order, as against all the secret societies under the Papal ban.

—The republicans of the 11th Congressional district have called a convention to assemble at Campbellsville, September 1st, to nominate a candidate for Congress against Maj. Botts.

—The fifty-eighth annual council of the Episcopal Diocese of Kentucky will meet in St. Paul's church, Louisville, Wednesday, September 22. Bishop Dudley will preside.

—An assassin who attempted to shoot the President of Uruguay in a theatre at Montevideo last Tuesday evening, was captured by the audience and literally stamped to death.

—Claude Carr, aged 40, who gave up his wife for the embraces of a beautiful house girl, committed suicide at Lexington after a year of quarrels and fights with her as his mistress.

—The people and troops at Sofia, Bulgaria, surrounded the palace Saturday, and Prince Alexander abdicated and was escorted over the frontier. There was no discord or bloodshed.

—The Kentucky Union Railroad has been sold to a Scotland syndicate, who get possession September 1, and will extend it to Virginia southward, and to Georgetown, Ky., northward.

—A woman who had lost £12,000 of the Monte Carlo gaming tables, committed suicide at Grenoble. This is the 76th suicide occasioned by losses at Monte Carlo since the season began.

—Frank Egbert, of Frankfort, who has done other work in the same line, stabbed Jake Dudley, a colored man, in that city four times Sunday morning. He bullied two policemen and escaped arrest.

—Levi Gastineau, a well-to-do farmer of Poleski, committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a pistol ball. He had a wife and several children. Domestic troubles are given as the cause of the rash act.

—In a general row over the possession of a prostitute, Bill Miller, a section hand at Flat Rock, on the Cincinnati Southern, formerly of Danville, was killed by Henry Collins, who shot him through the heart.

—Fred Pappenheimer, son of a wealthy New York merchant, committed suicide in Louisville because, according to a note left by him, "I am of no good and never will be, and will go to another world where I can do more harm."

—Information from the Ninth district is to the effect that Hon. W. H. Wadsworth will be the republican candidate for election to Congress, while either Judge Wall, of Mason, or Mr. Bascorn, of Bath, will be the democratic nominee.

—The Beaver Creek coal miners have at last gone to work on half time, accepting the scale of prices offered last March. The convicts at Greenwood are working away and but little is said of them since the small politicians have ceased to agitate the subject.

—It is announced that Mrs. Cleveland has consented to open the Minneapolis Exposition. A wire is to be extended to the President's cottage in the Adirondack Mountains, and at the proper time Mrs. Cleveland is to press a button and start the machinery.

—Wm. N. Hill, aged seventy, gave Miss Mary Magee, aged twenty, a number of useful presents in expectancy of marriage. Miss Magee had other ideas, however, and the Jessamine Circuit Court has just decided that she must return the presents to the ancient donor.

—Wm. Watkins, a journeyman bricklayer, formerly of Louisville, stabbed to death, at Aurora, Ind., his employer, Louis Hilbert, who had refused to advance him \$2. Within a few minutes after the commission of the murder Watkins was lynched by the infuriated citizens.

—The preliminary statement of the business of the Louisville & Nashville railroad for the fiscal year ending June 30 shows the gross earnings to have been \$13,177,013, a decrease from the previous year of \$759,323. The net earnings were \$4,993,723. The total cost of changing the gauge was \$105,000.

—The husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, died Sunday at Hartford, Conn., aged eighty four.

—The new St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum at Crescent Hill was dedicated Sunday by Bishop McCloskey in the presence of 12,000 persons. The building is one of the most imposing of the many admirable charitable institutions in Louisville and vicinity.

—Gov. Zulick, of Arizona, who is in Washington, says: "It is estimated that in the raids made by the Geronimo's band of Indians since their first surrender in 1878, there have been 2,500 persons murdered in Mexico, Arizona and the adjoining Territories, besides the destruction of a vast amount of property."

—The official returns show that J. P. Marrs, of Whitesburg, was elected Commonwealth's attorney in the 19th district, instead of Hurst, as was believed last week. Mr. Marrs is a democrat. His majority is about 500, while his running mate, Bamford White, candidate for circuit judge, was defeated by Col. Lilly by about 100 votes. —[Mt. Sterling Sentinel Democrat.]

—Following is the righteous verdict returned by the jury in the trial of the anarchists at Chicago: "We, the jury, find the defendants, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Ling, guilty of murder as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant, Oscar W. Neebe, guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for 15 years."

—Hardin county has a public school fund of \$30,000. Has over one hundred public schools, four colleges and academies, and three female seminaries. It has 73 churches of all the leading denominations. Two railroads running entirely through it and the prospect for a third. It has on Muldraugh's Hill the acknowledged finest fault section between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains. It is out of debt and only requires a tax of ten cents on the hundred dollars and a poll of \$2.50 to pay all the expenditures. It has not a saloon within its borders and intoxicating liquors are not allowed to be sold for any purpose whatever. —[Elizabethtown News.]

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Falconer, by Harry O'Fallon, was again victorious at Saratoga on Wednesday, winning from a large field.

—Jake Clem's trial before County Judge Lee on Saturday on a charge of packing a pistol, was not completed and was adjourned until Tuesday. Jerry Owens was the prosecuting witness.

—Judge M. H. Owsley was here on Saturday and held a called term of the Boyle Circuit Court for the construction of the will of Mrs. Hutchison, deceased, who was the widow of Thos. Hutchison.

—F. M. Ware, of this county, sold Monday morning to Israel Brown, of Cincinnati, 105 fat hogs, averaging 205 lbs. each at 4 cents. Good judges pronounce this to be the finest looking lot of hogs they have seen for a long time.

—Mr. Bryan Y. Craig and his cousin, Mr. Henry Sheppard, of Chicago, are visiting the family of Mr. J. J. Craig. The first named is a son of Rev. Green Craig, formerly of this county. Misses Lucy and Lizzie Bogle, of Hustonville, were in town last week on a brief visit to Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Bogle.

—Wm. Minor, the young man from the West End recently pronounced to be of unsound mind, is still in jail, the superintendents of all three of the State lunatic asylums saying they are all full up and can take no more patients. This thing is becoming too common. How would it do to build a few more Asylums?

—Col. A. M. Swope was in town Sunday. His friends will be gratified to learn that his health has been entirely restored. Dr. I. S. Warren returned to his home in Pulaski county, on Saturday. Mr. J. R. M. Polk, of the Louisville bar, was in town Friday and Saturday, preparing for trial the case of Welsh & Co. vs. Tim Master-son now pending in the Boyle Circuit Court.

—Mr. O. P. McRoberts (better known as Perry McRoberts,) of Tennessee, is here visiting his daughter, Miss Mary, and his son, Mr. O. P. McRoberts, Jr., and other friends. He will be in Stanford some time during the present week. Major John A. Hann has returned to his home in Denton, Texas, after a pleasant visit to relatives here. Mrs. Geo. T. Schoolfield and children have returned from a visit to relatives in Spencer county.

—The Clippers of Danville and the Burgins, of Burgin, had a little game on Saturday; 21 to 8 is the way the score stood at the end in favor of the Danville. The John Masons nine also played the Junction City nine on Saturday. John's Club was playing a strong game, but the hour coming on when some of the gladiators had to quit and drive their cows home, the game was suspended until a more convenient season.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Our town marshal has added the 10th member to his voluminous family—a girl. —Mrs. John Jones, daughter of the late Squire Hughes, died Monday night from acute mania.

—A threatening storm of wind and rain, with thunder and lightning accompaniment, burst upon us Sunday night. Have not heard yet how it dealt with the telephone.

—I regret to say to teachers that there is no probability that the law directing monthly pay can be made operative in the county this year. The pro rata will be the same as last year—\$1.65. I will be closely engaged in office work this week and can not leave home.

—The wife and son of Jesse P. Biffe are suffering from typhoid fever. His daughter, Mrs. T. L. Carpenter, is prostrated with the same disease. James Powell is undergoing an attack of flux, which disease is prevailing to a large extent in Casey county. Miss Mattie Dinwiddie, who was injured last week by the upsetting of her buggy, is mending very slowly. Mr. Steele, of the firm of Weatherford & Steele, is closing out stock, preparatory to starting for Texas about the close of the month.

—The prohibition boom is the prevailing epidemic with us at present. The Hon. Rev. Gen. Green Clay Smith delivered a very neat and effective address on the subject at the Baptist church on Friday Mrs. Neild is billed for Monday night and Tuesday morning. So long as the question is handled by such minds as these we may expect an able and decorous discussion. Unfortunately, however, both for the cause in question and public decency, we have always a host of embryo sages, flogging statesmen, inchoate political economists, who, like Job's war horse, "snuff the battle from afar," but unlike Balaam's ass, often fail to give us words of the matured wisdom. Already these meteoric reformers are enunciating the dread dictum that no man, nor his son, nor his son's son to the remotest generation who fails to vote with them need ever expect the suffrages of an outraged people. This may be legitimate argument, but it seems to smack rather too much of intolerance in a land which once held the doctrine of free speech, a free press and free suffrage.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Governor's Ball at Crab Orchard Springs Friday night.

—Mrs. H. L. Siger will for the next two weeks sell any or all of her millinery stock at cost. It will greatly oblige her if all those indebted to her will call in the same time and settle. Aug. 17-18.

FURNISHING OBITUARY POETRY.

Another business that is heard of now and then, the furnishing of obituary poetry, is successful in the hands of a man who lives somewhere on the east side. He watches the papers for death notices, and having chosen one that long experience has taught him is apt to be available for his purpose, he goes to the bereaved locality, inspects the house, asks what questions about the family he can of the neighbors, and then goes home and writes a "poem" appropriate to the occasion. A day or two after the funeral he calls upon the relatives, and, expressing sympathy for their affliction, claims to have been a friend of the departed, and, moved by the termination of his or her career, has written "this little tribute," which he delicately offers for a reasonable sum. It is said that his price is usually \$5, and that he makes from \$10 to \$15 a week from his literary efforts.

There is another sort of people who make a practice of inspecting the death notices for business. The attention of these persons is limited to the decease of wives. They are women of rather uncertain repute, and their object is to get an engagement as housekeeper for the widower. Their method of operation is about the same as that employed by the obituary poet. But they sometimes go further. I heard of a man who had lost his wife, and at the funeral was surprised to see several strange women. Hardly was the burial over before he received six applications for the position of housekeeper, each one of the applicants having been seen at the funeral. —[Uncle Billy's New York Letter.]

Characteristics of the Germans.

Perhaps the popular idea that a German is a somewhat phlegmatic, unexcitable individual, with more staying powers than momentum, is true in all, a tolerably correct one. It is a sore point to refer, within the hearing of any of the Kaiser Wilhelm's subjects, to Voltaire's doubt whether "un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit." Yet the doubt must not unfrequently have struck others besides the venomous Frenchman, a certain lumpishness being common to the people at large.

No race is more frugal, more patient, more hardy or more easy to govern; hence they make the best of colonists, just as the Celt, and the Celto-Latin, the Frenchman, make the worst. Yet these qualities, in which he so abounds when transplanted to a foreign soil, are less marked at home. The heaviness of the German makes him, as a workman, dilatory, unpunctual, slow, and often "languishing." His handiwork has seldom the neatness of the Frenchman's, and it is not often that he can be depended on to finish what he has contracted to perform within the stipulated period. Hence, railway contractors preferred the English navy, not that he was so much stronger than the German, but simply because he did not find so many excuses for interference with his continuous work.—Peoples of the World.

The Plagiarisms of Royalty.

It would seem that the Prince of Wales's sons have been guilty of a very flagrant piece of plagiarism. No passage in "The Cruise of the Bacchante" has been so admirably quoted as the one written while between Barbadoes and Martinique, which begins: "We should be less than men," and ending, "but the sad memory of their useless valor," etc. It is indeed a most eloquent and effective passage, as well it may be, for it turns out to have been copied almost word for word from Charles Kingsley's charming work, "At Last," where it will be found in the second chapter. Canon Dalton allowed it to be published, without hint, happily without suspicion, of its true origin. The prince, however, may console themselves by reflecting that they have only imitated Lord Beaconsfield, who, it may be remembered, borrowed nearly half his elaborate oration on the Duke of Wellington from a translation of a work by Thiers. It was stolen without the change of a single word. These royal authors have plundered Canon Kingsley in much about the same fashion.—Chicago Times.

The Knot and the Mile.

The "knot" and the mile are terms often used interchangeably, but erroneously so. The fact is that a mile is less than 87 per cent. of a knot. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a very small fraction, to three knots. The knot is 6,082.66 feet in length. The statute mile is 5,280 feet. The result of the difference is that speed in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and if a person forgets this and states a speed at so many knots, when it was really so many miles, he may be giving figures verging on the incredible.—Philadelphia Call.

Sheep Often Wear Chamolai Skins.

The Boot and Shoe Record says that the number of animals from which the chamolai skins are taken which are killed in a year does not exceed 1,000, while tens of thousands of chamolai skins are put upon the trade yearly, and wonders what is the matter. The Record should be aware that a good many sheep wear chamolai skins.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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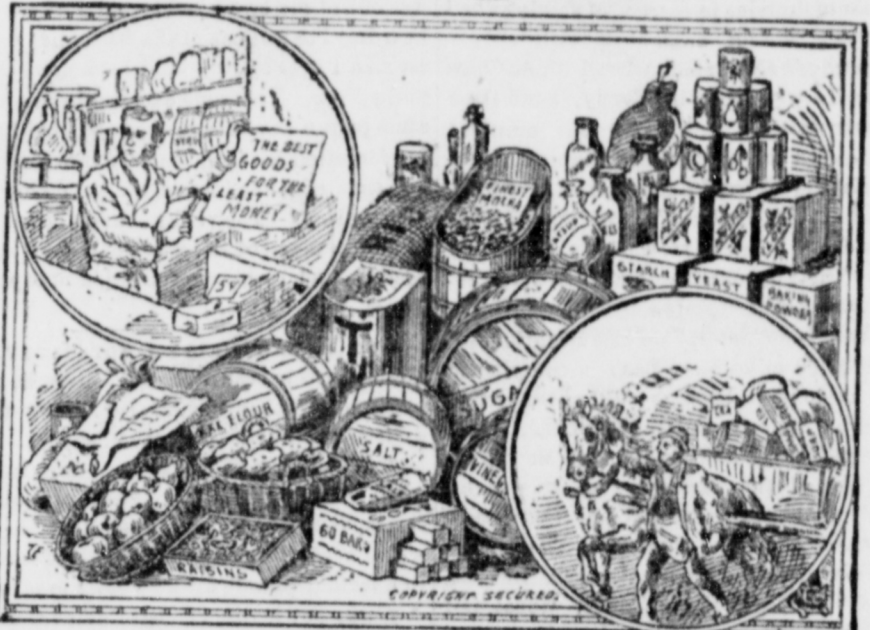
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WOMAN AND HOME.

SOME OF THE SELF-MADE WOMEN OF OUR COUNTRY.

French "As She Is Spoken" in Cookery—Death on Flies—House Cleaning—To the Married—The Parisienne—A Singer—No Page—Notes.

The sweet poetess, Lucy Larcom, was a mill hand.

Adelaide Phillips, the singer, now dead, was a treasury girl, and so for a time was Sara Jewett, the actress.

Pretty Maude Granger, with the gold-brown eyes and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by running a sewing machine.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German and a shoemaker, in the most straitened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated, and thus opened the way to fame for her.

Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people, who, however, gave her an excellent education in the public schools. In order to maintain herself she aspired to become an opera singer, but, a financially losing her voice, became an actress instead.

The mother of Clara Louise Kellogg attained every nerve to give Clara a musical education, and at one time was a professional spiritual medium. Miss Kellogg failed three times. Each time she retired, not discouraged, but to devote herself to the still further development of her voice. Finally she took the public by storm. Her first failures were her last.

The lady doctors and lawyers have had the hardest time to enter professional ranks. Nevertheless, they have made great headway since Elizabeth Blackwell vainly applied for admission to the medical colleges in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. She was finally admitted as a student in the medical college of Geneva, N. Y. Her youth was one of struggle, hardship, discouragement, and restricted means.

Edmonia Lewis, the sculptor, is colored. Overcoming the prejudice against her sex and color, and self-educated, Miss Lewis is now successfully pursuing her profession in Italy. Only one other colored woman ever gained distinction in the fine arts: that was the singer who called herself "The Black Swan," and who flourished about fifteen years ago. There has never been an author or actress of color beyond the merest tyro, but no one can predict what the future may hold for colored people.

We have had two great female astronomers, Miss Herschel and Miss Mitchell. Both were single women, and both took up the study of astronomy in order to assist their brothers. Miss Herschel's pathway to fame was over a smooth road, but Miss Mitchell had everything to battle with. She was the daughter of a small farmer in Nantucket, who was obliged to seek out his income by teaching school at \$2 a week. Maria was constantly occupied with household duties, and she describes her childhood as "being an endless washing of dishes."

It is a curious fact that so many of our celebrated literary women were the daughters of farmers and began their life work by teaching school—gradually acquiring fame and affluence by writing. Take the Cary sisters to begin with, and Mrs. Lydia Sigourney, the poetess, before them, then Grace Greenwood, and lastly Ella Wheeler. Ella Wheeler never taught school, but her parents were poor farm people in the west. The first poem she ever wrote she sent to Mrs. Frank Leslie, who saw enough merit in it to accept it. Ella has bought her parents a home out of her own earnings, and is in every respect a most excellent daughter.

Clara Morris' mother was a cook in a restaurant in Cleveland when Clara was a baby girl of 15 years of age. Manager John Ellsler advertised for some extra girls for the ballet in a pantomime he was getting up. Clara applied for a place in the extra ballet. She wore an old, faded calico dress, much too short for her long legs, a thin shawl, and a ragged woolen scarf wrapped around her head. When the extra girls were no longer required Clara was retained for small parts. That was the beginning of the career of the great emotional actress Clara Morris, who, by the way, is of English, not American, birth.

Anna Dickinson began life as a school teacher. Wearying of this, she one day went to Mrs. John Drew, manageress of the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, and entered her name to give her an opportunity to go upon the stage. Mrs. Drew heard her recite, told her that she had a very bad accent, that she did not think she would ever make an actress, and advised her to go back to her school teaching. The war broke out soon afterward, giving Miss Dickinson an opportunity to emerge from obscurity. She still secretly cherished histrionic aspirations, but years were destined to elapse before she was enabled to test whether Mrs. Drew had been a true prophet or not. —Gaila Logan in Chicago News.

French "As She Is Spoken" in Cookery. Aspic—Savory jelly for cold dishes. Au gratin—Dishes prepared with sauce and crumbs and baked.

Bouchees—Nery thin patties or cakes as some indicate—mouthfuls.

Bata—A peculiar, sweet French yeast sauce.

Bechamel—A rich, white sauce made with milk.

Bisque—A white soup made of shell fish. To blanch—To place any article on the fire till it boils, then plunge it in cold water, to whiten poultry, vegetables, etc. To remove the skin by immersing in boiling water.

Bouillon—A clear soup, stronger than broth, yet not so strong as consommé, which is "infused" soup.

Braise—Meat cooked in a closely covered stew pan, so that it retains its own flavor, and those of the vegetables and flavorings put with it.

Brioche—A very rich, unsweetened French cake made with yeast.

which white wine and sometimes eggs are added. Legume—A rich, brown stew, with mushrooms, vegetables, etc. Piquante—A sauce of several flavors, acid predominating.

Quenelles—Forcemeat with bread, yolk of eggs, highly seasoned, and formed with a spoon to an oval shape, then poached and used either as a dish by themselves, or to garnish.

Remoulade—A salad dressing differing from mayonnaise, in that the eggs are hard-boiled and rubbed in a mortar with mustard, herbs, etc.

Rissole—Rich mince of meat or fish, rolled in thin pastry and fried.

Roux—A cooked mixture of butter and flour, for thickening soups and stews.

Salmis—A rich stew of game, cut up and dressed, when half roasted.

Sauter—To toss meat, etc., over the fire, in a little fat.

Souffle—A very light, much whipped up pudding or omelette.

Timbale—A sort of pie in a mold.

Vol au vents—Patties of very light puff paste, made without a dish or mold, and filled with meat or preserves, etc.—Catherine Owen in Good Housekeeping.

To Get Rid of the Flies. To us, in extremity, drifted a newspaper scrap which was neither official nor judicial. Somebody picked it up somewhere. A drowning man would have caught at it, as I had it bobbed at him from the crest of a wave. It was not quite explicit in the directions it conveyed, but we got at the meaning of the extract and put it into practice as follows: We had Persian insect powder in the house, also the implement, in shape like a big hunting watch, with a small pipe let into one side, with which we had protected the yew dust into corners where might lurk the eggs or pupae of moths. This we charged to the nozzle. That night kitchen and dining-room were cleared of such small articles as would have to be washed if the powder fell on them; windows and doors were made fast, and an operator, standing in the middle of the floor, worked the spring-top of the rounded case that expelled the powder, throwing it upward at an angle of forty-five degrees toward every corner and side of the apartment. We used a boxful in each room, and then sat much on each succeeding occasion. The rooms were not entered again until morning.

Cook declared that she swept up "a full pint of the little bastards." The waiters did not measure her trophies, but reported that floor and furniture were strewn with bodies. It was a miniature edition of the destruction of Sennacherib by an angelic host. To make sure that our foes were like his army, all dead corpses, we consigned them without delay to the crematory.

This was done Saturday night, and ineffable peace reigned over our Sunday breakfast.

Towards evening, the vanquished leaders scoured in, few in number and wary, to reconnoitre the battlefield. A repetition of the experiment of the preceding evening left not one to carry the tale.

If I have told it lightly it is because the infliction was not grievous and the deliverance welcome beyond expression. Since then we have held our own successfully in the height of "fly-time." In very hot weather the powder is used every night for a week or two at a time. In ordinary circumstances, and by observing common precaution in the matter of screen doors and darkened rooms, twice or three times a week suffices to keep the premises clear.

While the remedy leaves no trace of its recent presence to sight or smell after the floor is swept and the furniture dusted, we have not thought it prudent to use it in bed chambers. But we have learned that kitchen and dining-room are the enemy's headquarters, and that heroic measures here cut off supplies from the upper part of the house.—Marion Harland in the Tribune.

Various House-Cleaning Hints. In this season of general up-turning and house-cleaning it may not be amiss to remember that ammonia in water cleans glass and paint much better than soap does; that it sometimes costs less to have a badly soiled room repainted, after a moderate use of the mop and brush, than it does to have it scrubbed and scoured, to say nothing of the expenditure of strength; that salt and vinegar brighten brasses as well as any more modern and expensive potions; that a bag of charcoal hung in a rainwater barrel purifies it perfectly; that plaster busts and statuettes may be cleaned, when it is not desired to paint them, by dipping them into thick liquid starch and drying; and when the starch is brushed off the dirt is brushed off with it; that it is a good plan to go over the bedsteads before beginning any of the cleaning, as delay in these days when the sun has become strong is apt to increase the trouble; that it is wise to open the campaign at the top of the house and in the unused rooms, and so give less confusion and prominence to the affair; that, on reaching their breeding haunts at the bottom of the house, powdered borax mixed with a little powdered sugar and scattered about in spots will prove certain death to the troublesome insects, and if that is not handy, a few drops of spirits of turpentine sprinkled here and there will be effective in the case of these nuisances as it is in the case of moths.—Chicago Tribune.

Married People Would Be Happier. If men troubles were never told to neighbors, if they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each remembered that the other was a human being, and not an angel.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men ceased to bill for Havana and feminine dittos for rancid lace were turned into the general fund until such time as they could be incurred without risk.

If men would remember that a woman can not be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the out-finger of a 3-year-old, tie up the head of a 5-year-old on skates, and get an 8-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of cleaning, sweeping, dusting, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, would not let her carry as much as a sunshade.—Western Ploverman.

When Marriage Is Contemplated. One world-wide trouble is the coming together of two persons whose tastes are just as unlike as it is possible for them to be. A girl who is fond of theatres, dances and amusements generally marries a man who cares nothing for all these, but would like to sit by his own hearthstone, reading and conversing with his wife upon the current topics of the day, or deeper things which she cares nothing about, but would rather talk theatre, the latest "star," etc., or fancy work. Depend upon it, where two such persons marry love soon walks out at the door.

Would it not, then, be wise to teach our young people to be perfectly honest and out-We need the money due us for salaries; this would be obliged to all in arrears to remit at once.

spoken when marriage is contemplated, and to learn to judge of how much they will be able to give up and live happily—to teach them that they can not give up all their nature call for and be happy or make others happy? This, I think, all will feel to be true in spite of the sentimentalism of the day in regard to love's sacrifice for its loved object.—Cor. Inter Ocean.

For Pretty She Will Be. An English woman is beautiful by nature or not beautiful, and there is an end of the matter. A Parisienne can rarely compete with the beautiful English or American women in feature or complexion and purity of skin, but she exerts such an effort of will in making herself fascinating that she often surpasses her rival in spite of natural disadvantages. Take Rachel, for instance. Nature gave her a thin face with a large and prominent forehead, deep-set eyes, a sunken mouth, a pointed chin, a scraggly body and lean arms. Out of these natural materials, the little Jewess, with dint of genius, will, passion, love, and gold spent on beautiful objects, made the Rachel men will ever remember—a woman of the gesture of a statue by Coysevox, the intensity of a water color by Gavarni, lips that always reflected the light, and in her somber eyes the subtle flame of intelligence.

In the Parisienne, from the shop girl to the grande dame, there seems to be an innate culte of her person, a respect of her flesh, a pride in her silhouette and bearing, and a perpetual effort to refashion and remake herself in accordance with a marvelous ideal of beauty, grace, elegance and youth; to take from antiquity, from the east, from all ages and countries that which has constituted their peculiar elegance, and then to reduce those elements of elegance to the Parisian formula. Every Parisienne is a living work of art, the product of a statue by Coysevox, the intensity of a water color by Gavarni, lips that always reflected the light, and in her somber eyes the subtle flame of intelligence.

The Singer and Her Lady. At a small Parisian cafe chanted one evening recently, as the prima donna was commencing a particularly sentimental ditty of the period, her strains were interrupted by the cries of a baby. "As a matter of fact," she was an upstart, and cries of "Turn it out!" A glance, however, like the arms, and who tried in vain to quiet it, stood up to expostulate. But the prima donna left him no time. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, interrupting her song, "I had better tell you that baby is mine. If I don't give it its supper it will continue to cry." Stepping down from the platform she took the child in her arms, then, while it was enjoying its meal, she came back and made a sign to the pianist, and resumed her song as if nothing had happened.—Chicago Tribune.

London Not Yet Recognized. The fame of the divided skirt has at last reached Paris and on the papers directed to its readers on the program of the "National Dress Association" and its president, "Mme. la Vicomtesse Huberson." The French critic warmly defends the wearing of stays, and waxes indignant over the insults heaped on "the poor little corset, so useful in sustaining the feeble, restraining the stout, and checking the prodigal." As for the divided skirt, if women really wish to cry the child in her arms, then, while it was enjoying its meal, she came back and made a sign to the pianist, and resumed her song as if nothing had happened.—Chicago Tribune.

There Are Two Kinds of Girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good at parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the kind that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room and all the precincts of home. They differ as lions, the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. To which of these classes do you belong?—Chicago Tribune.

"Like the Venus de Medici." In Paris the fashionable lady is henceforth to be allowed Louis XV. looks at home, in her carriage, and at the theatre, but not for walking or dancing. She is informed that her waist should measure at least twenty-seven inches in circumference, like that of the "Venus de Medici," instead of twenty or twenty-one inches, as is too often the case with young French women, and she is invited to consider herself of the requirements of nature in this respect by going and looking at some of the pictures in the Louvre by some of the old Italian masters.—Chicago Herald.

No Page at Their Weddings. American little girls take not kindly to the picturesque little page at their weddings. Either "little brother" objects to being dressed up, or his sister is afraid to entrust her precious train to his tender mercy, for in this particular the English wedding has no followers here. Children are a favorite decoration in these hymeneal functions in England, and seem to be especially gotten up to contrast with the elaborate surroundings. It can't be these small Britishers behave better than Young America? No; that must not be said!—Boston Herald.

Spills Wine on Her Dress. Society gossip tells of a belle, much addicted to extravagant dinner toilets, who invariably spills wine on her dress, or comes to make somebody else do it, in order to one dinner only. A girl of claret spattered over the delicate front of a robe ruined it beyond redemption, and so she could not be suspected of having the stuff made for the disasters passed for accidents first along, but eventually came to be understood as premeditated.—"Uncle Bill's" New York Letter.

A Lot of Married Folks Present. It was remarked at the opera one night "what a lot of married people there are here to-night!" "How can you tell they are married?" was the query. "Don't you see?" was the answer. "The men don't do any talking, and there's hardly a corsage bouquet among the women."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Measured by the Same Standard. Were we dreaming, or did a little bird whisper to us that a great organization was about to be formed called the Daughters of Purty, in which men are to be measured by the same standard that they apply to the character of women?—Western Ploverman.

Occupying a University Chair. Dr. Sophia Kawalewski, who has been appointed to a mathematical chair in the University of Stockholm, Sweden, is said to be the first woman who ever attained a recognized academic position as professor of mathematics in Europe.

A woman 82 years of age recently made final proof on a quarter section of Kans. land.

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STREET PEDDLERS.

A CLASS WHOSE LIFE IS A CONTINUOUS STRUGGLE.

The Milkmen and the Hucksters Who Sell Vegetables, Fruit and Fish—A Heterogeneous Tribe Who Dwell in Various Miscellaneous Articles.

Most of the hucksters of the city start on their perambulations early in the morning, and are untiring in the prosecution of schemes to make a living. They may be divided into four classes—those who have horses, those who have hand carts, those who have baskets. Early in the morning, and before sunrise, appears the milkman, who leads the vanguard of the hucksters. He is some sort of a privileged character, for his cart traverses the sacred precincts of the Murray Hill district, where the stillness of the night, and often greets revelers who return home late. Milk has too many consonants to allow a prolonged announcement; hence some milkmen shout the word quickly, almost angrily, as if provoked at its awkward shortness. Others call out "Below!" probably in reference to the lower regions of the domestic, while many take the metal dippers strike sharply on their cans when they drop from house to house the sky-blue pail which supplies the breakfast of the New Yorkers.

Next come the dealers who live by hawk-ing all sorts of vegetables, fish and fruit for the breakfast and dinner table. They are numerous and hard working. Their trade is one of constant labor and full of those discomforts and risks which arise from the inclemency of the weather and the losses resulting from the perishable nature of much of their stock in trade. They get the early markets down town from 3 to 5 o'clock in the morning, while others have to travel from distant suburbs. Yet they are regularly on their beats, going their rounds in every part of mighty New York, some even before the breakfast hour.

HUCKSTERS WHO SELL VEGETABLES. You cannot fail to notice that those who announce articles in season only for a short time are more intelligible in their pronouncements than those who peddle the same article all the year round. The hucksters who sell vegetables, flowers and summer fruit have not time to become indistinct. One day they offer rhubarb and asparagus, then straw-berries, gooseberries and the short-lived cherries, whereas fish, clams, oysters and potatoes last longer, some being always in the market.

The fish business is both the most regular and the most profitable branch of the trading industry of the street peddlers. But whether they deal in fish, vegetables or fruit, they are benefactors to the great body of the working people. They not only serve the people with what they require at their own doors, but they supply them at prices below what the articles can be purchased for in the stores. Fish are often sold by the street peddlers in good condition at prices below what they originally cost the wholesale dealers. This may seem strange to people who do not know the peculiarities of the trade. The better sort of vegetable and fruit dealers are assigned to the higher class of dealers. Whatever residue may be left after these people are served is sold to the street dealers and the small fry of storekeepers. If it were not for the great army of street dealers who purchase the fish left on the hands of the wholesale dealers, the losses of the latter would frequently be rather serious, and all the more so when the market is glutted.

The voices of some of the hucksters can be heard all day long in the thoroughfares of New York in winter, in summer, in fair weather and in foul. Some of them confine their peregrinations to certain districts, while others go where they think to succeed best. Oysters, clams and fruit employ a goodly number of people, both young and old, who hawk their articles about in handbaskets or baskets. From the ups and downs of fortune among them, not a few, instead of having horses of their own, are obliged to hire them, and, as a consequence, the profits are reduced very considerably by the sum paid for the horse and cart.

A HETEROGENEOUS TRIBE. The neighborhood of Grand Street and Broadway, Fourteenth street, Grand street and Henry swarms daily with a heterogeneous tribe who deal in a variety of miscellaneous articles. Many of the things offered for sale are very neatly gotten up, and some are of ingenious construction. Few of these, however, range above five cents apiece, but how they can be made for the money must seem a mystery to those who are not conversant with the trade. Some peddlers make a living by selling toys, such as a variety of optical instruments having a very considerable magnifying power. Their frames are both simple and ingenious. Their frames are small pill boxes, without lids or bottoms, and the lenses are made of little globules of a certain kind of gum. A good trade is also done with small glass globes, microscopes filled with water. The water in these instruments can only be taken out or put in by a small syringe, and the water is heated over a spirit lamp. These instruments are much larger than the gun ones, but are inferior in their magnifying power.

On nearly every street much frequented customers are invited to purchase sheetings and mattresses. On Park row (formerly Chatham street) thousands of people are daily pushing and shoving their way. Here a Cheap John with an open box is retailing his rude wicker chairs and staid beds to induce people to purchase his cutlery and cheap cigars. At a little distance a highlight-hand gentleman is selling prize packages of soap to the men who allow their senses of seeing to make fools of their judgment. A number of Italians are offering ice cream made of corn flour and seasoned with essence of lemon. A gentleman with a professional air and a grandiose style is puffing his cure-all pills, and over the way a man with a well-curled head of hair is retailing fancy boxes of pomatum, which not only makes the hair grow, but causes it to curl in a style equal to his own. In the evening the fruit and other stands on the street corners show their flaring torches of smoky kerosene oil, while their salesmen praise the cheapness of their wares, each with his little knot of curious customers holding up their motley faces in the glare of the kerosene.

The poor people who struggle for a living by attending the fruit stands in the streets have, in most cases, a hard battle to fight to enable them to keep their souls and bodies together. They are obliged to attend to their business daily in all weathers from year to year, until they fall like withered leaves.—New York Sun.

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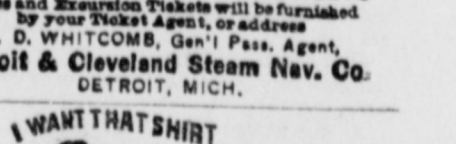
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" Falmouth.	8 15 a.m.	8 15 p.m.	2 05 p.m.	
" Cincinnati.	10 45 a.m.	10 45 p.m.	3 35 p.m.	
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Lvs. Lexington.	Ex. Sub.	Daily	Ex. Sub.	Daily
Lvs. Lexington.	8 00 a.m.			
Arr. Richmond.	10 25 a.m.			
" Falmouth.	11 45 a.m.			
Arr. Paris.	11 00 a.m.			
Lvs. Lexington.	11 00 a.m.			

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